The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

What a Child can do.

O, what can little hands do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:—
Such grace to mine be given!

O, what can little lips do,
To please the King of heaven?
The lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say,
Such grace to mine be given!

O, what can litt'e eyes do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look
Can learn to read God's holy book;—
Such grace to mine be given!

O, what can little hearts do,
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send
Can love and trust the children's Friend:—
Such grace to mine be given!

T. M. C.

The writer of this is but ten years of age.

"Our Daily Bread."

A beggar stopped at a rich man's door—
"I am houseless and friendless and faint and poor,"
Said the beggar-boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek blanched with want and cold.
"Oh give me a crumb from your board to-day,
To help the beggar-boy on his way!"
"Not a crust, not a crumb," the rich man said,
"Be off and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church
His face grew grave as he trod the porch;
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass;
The service begun, the choral hymn
Arose, and swelled through the long aisles dim;
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were— "*Give* us this day our daily bread!"

For the Myrtle.

Starting in Life.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

CHAPTER III.

STARTING once more, he avoided the error of the previous night, and took a different course, trudging on and on over hills, through woods, down into valleys, over strange untravelled roads, resting through the day and walking again at night, until four weary days thus passed.

It would take too long to relate in full his adventures; as the distance lengthened between himself and the wretched home he had left, he shortened his night work and travelled by day light. Sometimes he "got a lift" with some farmer in his wagon, who carried him only for a little way. Sometimes he slept in the open air, sometimes he crawled into some farm shed where the house dog was sheltered; but it was all a wearisome, wretched experience which in all his after years he could not forget.

At the close of the fifth day he felt that he could walk no longer, for he was very tired and a dull pain going through his whole body. He glanced around to discover some shelter for the night, when he saw through an opening in the trees a light gleaming brightly from the window of a farm house near by.

He walked to the door and knocked. At this, a huge dog began to bark, and a man opened the door asking in a gruff voice, what he wanted.

"Please sir, may I sleep in your barn to-night?" said the timid child, looking wistfully through the open door into the bright warm kitchen.

"Sleep in my barn? No! you little vagrant, you are a pretty looking object to sleep on my premises; clear out, or I'll set my dog on you," and the door was slammed in his face.

David stood for a moment, like one stunned. How cold and dark the night looked to him now! His courage and strength were fast ebbing away; at this moment, a little girl's face appeared at the window, and a small hand beckoned him to wait; Then out she came;

"Take these, quick," she said, giving him some chestnuts and apples. "It is two bad father sent you away, for you look so tired," and before he had time to thank her, the little figure disappeared like a vision, and the door was once more closed upon him. But the sight of that innocent, sympathetic face, the warm touch of that childish hand, stirred into life again, the blood at the boy's heart. His courage revived. He put the chestnuts and apples into his pockets, and travelled on two more weary miles and not a human face or habitation met his view. Then he came to a small group of farm houses, and a little further on stood a school-house. There at last he thought he would find a shelter. The door was fast, but he climbed in at one of the low windows, and found himself in tolerably comfortable quarters. Gathering together some kindling wood, he made a fire in the stove, warmed his chilled hands and feet, ate some of the chestnuts and apples, which so unexpectedly became his, thinking all the while of the bright little face of the giver as it beamed upon him in the darkness, wondering what her name could be, &c., until at last, upon the school-room floor, pillowing his head again upon the small parcel which contained all his worldly possessions, he fell asleep, and until broad daylight, he lay as quiet and undisturbed as if his bed had been of downy softness.

Waking at last, he arose, feeling somewhat lame and tired, still rested and refreshed. Before leaving he ate his breakfast, for his stock of cakes was not quite exhausted, then walked about, looking at the books and various other articles, commonly found in the desks of country school-houses, and not neglecting to step up to the teachers sanctum. There he discovered something which struck wonderfully his boyish fancy, It was a unique inkstand, set in a small bronze tray, of pretty design, and nice workmanship, and something quite uncommon in those parts. Poor unsophisticated David thought he had never seen anything so pretty in all his life. He looked at it again and again, taking it in his hands and putting it down, until the desire of possession seized upon him, and almost before he knew it, he was hurrying away from the school-house with the inkstand in his pocket. Like a culprit he walked rapidly, fearing to meet some one who would detect his guilt, and stopped not, till the school-house was far in the distance, then he sat down and stealthily drew forth his treasure. But somehow, the sight did not give him the pleasure he anticipated. He felt his face flush, and his ears tingled with shame, as he remembered that for the first time in his life he had wilfully purloined what did not belong to him; He felt tempted to go back with it then. But no, it was too near school time and he would surely be detected. Besides what was it to make such a fuss about; only an inkstand; and how was anybody ever going to know that he, David Demming, took it, or that he had ever been in that school-house at all? He had the inkstand and he would keep it, he said to himself. So once more putting it out of sight he commenced to whistle a very lively air, as he tramped along over the frozen ground. But the farther he went, and the louder he whistled the heavier grew his heart. He tried to divert his mind by recalling the childish vision of the night before, by thinking of his mother, and the children, and what they now supposed to be doing. But all in vain. His mother's last words, which he had promised so faithfully to remember, charging him always to be honest, and truthful, and God fearing, came back to him now with new meaning and power. How he wished he could be set back to the night before, when he slept the sleep of innocence on the school-house floor! He threw the inkstand down upon the ground passionately, and threw himself down too, and as he lay there, hours passed by.

Meantime he slept, and dreamed. He thought he was back in the school-house lying on the floor with the inkstand in his pocket, when he heard footsteps approaching, and voices calling loudly his name. He tried to get up, but he thought the inkstand held him down like a vice. It seemed to grow larger and larger, till like a giant it bound him hand and foot. Meantime the voices came nearer and nearer, crying out

"David Demming, you are a thief! you are a thief!" until the air seemed filled with voices echoing the same words, "you are a thief, a thief!" Once he fancied he heard his mother say, "My David, a thief? impossible!" He thought he tried again to rise, when he was seized roughly by the arm, and as he looked up, he saw his father's face bent over him, purple with rage, and heard him say, "Here is the culprit at last, the runaway thief." Then with a great cry he awoke from his troubled dream, and heard only the sad moaning of the wind as it swept through the naked tree-tops, and saw the dreary winter landscape stretched out before his eyes. He resolved to put his torture to an end, by retracing his steps, and replacing the inkstand where he found it. Night was again approaching, and moreover the storm which had been threatening for days came on with violence. The snow beat down upon him, almost blinding him as he dragged wearily along. The boots which he wore, being much too large for him, had chafed his feet so that every step was torture, and over all his childish frame there was a sense of fatigue and languor that he could hardly resist.

"If I could only reach the school-house," he said to himself, "I don't care what becomes of me then." Avd so he tried to keep up his sinking strength and courage, till at last the place was reached. The low window afforded him ingress once more, he stepped again into the schoolroom, placed the inkstand where he found it, then out once more into the whirling drifting, snow.

"Follow Copy."

A short time since, a lad in the printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work, the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he must "follow copy;" that is, set it up just as it was written.

"Certainly," said the foreman. "Why not?"

"Because this copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of that book."

"How do you know it is not like the Bible?"

"Why, I learned some of those proofs at a Sunday School ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible."

"Well, then, do not follow copy, but set them up as they are in the Bible."

The lad got the Bible, and made it "the copy," his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines, and your practices—see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right.

Little Mary's Wish.

I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, 'hear it and wish, and t'will surely come true;
So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

I thought I would like to ask something for you;
But I couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me!

So I wished for a ladder; so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against Heaven's white floor.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes,
And I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you and dear papa would sit on the ground,
And kiss me, and tell me 'good-by,'
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky!

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in;
She's as tired as she can be!

She came all alone from the earth to the sky;
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of Heaven with their robins and flowers;
Please, God, is there room there for me?

And then, when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, 'Bring the little child here.'
But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
And he'd smile just like you, mother dear!

He would put his kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
O dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?"

The next spring-time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grass and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child
For her flight to the summer land,
In the fair, white robe, with one snow-white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand,

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears.

For the Myrtle.

Frisky's Education

FRISKY sat in a branch of the great elm-tree that shaded the house. What had enticed his timid squirrelship from the paternal nest in the hollow of another great elm-tree down in the woods, to that dangerous nearness to the dwellers in the house, nobody but himself knew. One might guess, however, that the red-cheeked sweet apples lying all about the garden ground, had something to do with it; especially since he held one of those very apples in his paws as he sat in the elm-tree, and nibbled at it in that quick, nervous way that squirrels have; his bushy tail standing very straight over his back, and his two eyes winking knowingly on either side. He might have been winking at a little girl who leaned dreamily on a window sill and watched him. She thought he was tipping her a good-morning, and claiming the best friendship in the world with her, as he nibbled away at his apple and chirruped and che-e-e-d in the chattering little language all squirrels use.

Frisky was just in the midst of his merry time with the little girl, when he heard a great clatter of feet in the house, and he heard the girl cry, "O boys, come here! just see this cunning little squirrel in the elm-tree."

Frisky saw other faces at the window and heard the other voices cry, "O gracious! let's catch him if we can!" and he suspected he had better be leaving that tree.

But before he was half way down the branches, the boys were under the tree, and he heard the little girl cry dolefully, "Don't club him! oh, *please*, don't club him!"

Frisky dodged hither and thither among the leaves, but his dodges and the little girl's entreaties were of no use. Something very hard hit him in the head and he saw all sorts of sights and went rolling over and over on the ground.

"I've got him!" shouted Fred.

"Oh, I hope he isn't dead!" cried the little girl, half-sobbing.

"Dead, no!' said Will! "he's only stunned; he'll come to, and be as frisky as ever in a few minutes. Here, let me take him, Fred, and you run and get the cage. You'll let him get away, I'm afraid."

So the big brother took the squirrel, and the little one ran after the cage, and the little girl pitifully smoothed the squirrel's soft head and back. "Oh, he is dead, I know," she said, sorrowfully.

Frisky "came to" just in time to hear those words, and he thought to himself "I'll let them know whether I am dead or not;" so he took a sharp little nip at Master George's finger.

"Ouch!" screamed George, for in a second of time the sharp little teeth had gone through to the bone. But he held on to Frisky like a hero. If it had been little Fred, Frisky would have been safe in the woods, soon enough!

Fred came back with the cage and found Nettie's handkerchief bound round George's finger, but Frisky held firm in George's other hand for all that. Fred held open the door, and George quickly clapped Frisky inside, and there he was, where many a squirrel had been before.

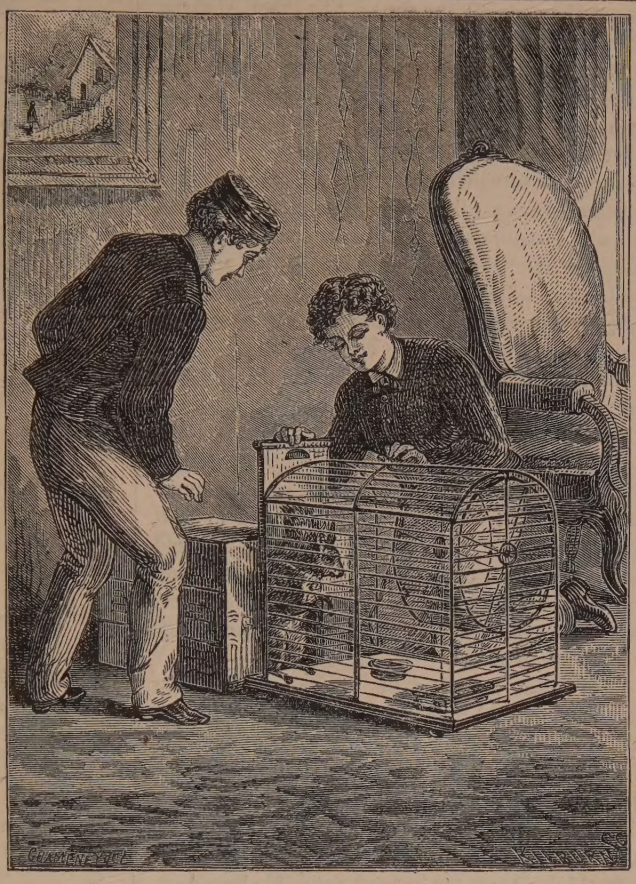
"I think he's a young one," said George, "and we can teach him lots of tricks."

"He's got one learned already" said Fred, "he knows how to bite, splendidly!"

"That's to pay for the club," said Nettie, "I don't blame him."

George winced with the pain, but he wouldn't cry. He went away to have his finger bathed with arnica, and Fred and Nettie carried the cage carefully away to the boys' chamber. Nettie had picked up Frisky's nibbled apple and tucked it into the cage, so he might finish his breakfast on

something he liked, if he ever got over his fright enough to eat ;—for poor little Frisky ! how his heart had beat with fear when George held him so tight ! and Fred got a dish of clear water for him. Then the boys went away to hunt hazel-nuts to feed him with afterwards.



It was hours before Frisky ventured out into the light part of his cage. But when he did, and found no eyes but Nettie's kindly ones watching him, then he began to get over his fear and look about this little new home with interest. It had three parts : a large, dark, wooden box, a larger wire cage, and inside this, a wire wheel with an opening into the inside of that. The large, dark part was for a nest ; for the homes of the squirrels are dark places in the ground or the hollow trunks of trees, so they need a different cage from birds that live all the time in the air and light. In this dark place Frisky had his nest, and laid up his food, and slept, and staid hours at a time. The wire cage he came out into, to enjoy sunshine and more room, and the wheel he exercised in.

It was some days before Frisky found out about the wheel. One day he climbed through the little door into it, as he was looking round, and as soon as he began to climb, the wheel ran away from under his feet, and as fast as he ran the wheel ran too. This was rare fun to Frisky, almost as good as being out in the elm-trees again, for squirrels would die if they could not run and frisk and jump about. Frisky understood now why the boys had poked at him so much through the wires of the cage and tried to get him through the little door of the wheel. But once finding it out he needed no more teaching on that point. Many a time, in the months that followed, the boys were wakened out of sound sleep by the whirr of that wheel, as Frisky worked off his midnight wakefulness by that lively exercise.

But many other tricks they taught him in the long winter that followed. They made him beg through the wire cage for his food, and sit up and che-e-e, with his tail over his back as you have seen a dog beg for his dinner. He learned to come out into the wire cage at their whistle, since he was always rewarded with a lump of sugar. They used to let him out into the room, and he would climb all over them, and sit on their shoulders and the top of their heads, and dive into their pockets. They were sure to hold up sugar for him to eat from their shoulders, or to have peeled nuts in their pockets. Poor Frisky ! the way to his little brain was through his stomach. There was no other way of teaching him his pretty tricks or of paying him afterward, but by giving him dainties to eat.

Frisky seemed contented and happy all winter, and never did a naughty thing but once ;—that was much more than could be said for Fred or George, or even Nettie. All the children from far and near came to see Frisky, and one little girl that the boys thought a great deal of, was so delighted with him that she wanted to stay

about the cage all the time. She kept shaking the cage to make him come out, and sticking her fingers through the wires and poking at him. At last this roused Frisky's small temper, and as quick as flash he stuck his sharp little tooth into that finger just as he did into George's. There was a wild scream from Nannie and a great commotion among all the children; and the afternoon's pleasure was spoiled because Nannie's finger ached so. But George made her smile in spite of it, by telling her how the squirrel bit his finger too. As for Frisky, he did not show his head again that day.

When it became spring again, and the elm-tree leaved out, and Frisky's cage used to stand in the window-sill where he could look out into the branches, Frisky began to feel very homesick. He remembered the green woods, and the home nest and the friends be had left behind in that woodland home. He thought how easy it would be to run down the side of the house and jump on the great limb that swung nearest the house, and drop to the stone wall and scamper away to the free woods!

This must be what he thought, for he kept pressing his cold little black nose out between the bars, and whisking here and there and winking knowingly, as if he should sometime find the place big enough to let him through.

Sure enough, he did. One warm morning after the cage had stood in the window all night, and the boys went to give Frisky his breakfast, behold, no Frisky was there. They hunted the box over to find where he had gnawed out. But they found no place there. At length they found that he had bent two wires of the cage, by pressing his head between them until he had squeezed his little body through; and that was the last they ever saw of Frisky.

But they imagined him frisking about among his rustic brethren of the woods, as they had seen boys strut about when they come home from boarding school or college. And they laughed to think how Frisky's would say, "Chee—che-e-e,—I've lived up at the big house;—I'm an *educated* squirrel now." *H. A. B.*

THOSE whose faces are only seen, and whose voices are only heard in seasons of religious revivals, are like the flowers that bloom in the morning and fade in the evening without producing fruit. They are not the evergreens of the church.

Measuring the Baby.

We measured riotious baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbird whistled,
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the baby to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
A fair little face lay smiling
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Dropped from the rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
For to the height of the sinless angels
Our dear little one had grown.

—*Emma Alice Brown.*

A LITTLE girl, while walking in the street one day, saw a leaf from the Bible lying on the pavement. She picked it up, and as she was carefully smoothing it out and folding it her mother said:

"Amy, what do you want of that piece of paper?"

She replied, "Why, mamma, it is one of the leaves God sent us about the home he is making for all good people."

EVERY kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was observed, June 15th, in East Boston. The church was decorated with elaborate care. Fifteen children were dedicated, and one adult was admitted to the church by the rite of paptism.

—On the same day, fifteen children received the baptismal rite at Cambridgeport. The church was elaborately decorated. The services were conducted by Rev. S. S. Hebbard.

—At Quincy the decorations were fine, and the occasion of great interest. The children of the Sunday School took part in the singing. Six children received the rite of consecration In the evening a Praise Meeting was held, the first ever held in the town.

—Rose Sunday was celebrated by the Universalist Parish of Melrose, on the 22nd, in a style of unsurpassed beauty. The whole day was devoted to the children and they responded in large numbers, and with perfection in all that was allotted to them. A beautiful lttle floral piece entitled, "The decoration of the Altar," was performed by the school, ending with placing upon the Altar a Cross, Anchor, Heart, and Crown. The pastor's wife, Mrs. E. M. Bruce, made a touching address replete with suggestions which the day brought forth. In the afternoon Br. Bruce dedicated seven children in an impressive manner. The Church was trimmed in a style which caused involuntary exclamations of pleasure to all upon entering. It was literally a bed of roses. This society is flourishing under its present pastorate, aided by his esteemed wife. Long may these pleasant relations continue to the mutual profit of pastor and people.

—We have received the programme for Children's Sunday used at Camden June 8th and at Oxford June 15th. It includes a responsive Scripture service arranged for the occasion, to be read alternately by the pastor and Sunday School. So it appears that the schools are to be present on both occasions and participate actively in the service. The singing is also by the Sunday School. We give this responsive service as a model for other schools.

Children's Sunday observed by the Universalist church, in Camden, June 8th ; Oxford, June 15th, 1873 Programme of exercises :

1. Voluntary.—"Children's Anthem."
2. Scripture Lesson.
3. Responsive services for Children's Sunday.

Pastor. Children are an heritage of the Lord.

School. They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

P. Train up a child in the way he should go ;

S. And when he is old, he will not depart from it.

P. Even a child is known by his doings ;

S. Whether his work be pure, whether it be right.

P. Better is a poor and wise child—

S. Than an old and foolish king, that will not be admonished.

P. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones.

S. For I say unto you that, in Heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

P. Blessed are the pure in heart,

S. For they shall see God.

P. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together :

S. And a little child shall lead them.

P. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God.

S. Behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus.

P. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. The government shall be upon his shoulders.

S. His name shall be Wonderful, Councillor, The mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

P. And Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms he said—

S. Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me.

P. Except ye be converted and become as little children,

S. Ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

P. Children, obey your parents in the Lord ; for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother ; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long in the earth. And ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath : but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. That our sons may be as plants grown up ; and our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

4. Song—"If I come to Jesus."
5. Prayer.
6. Song—"Lead me to Thee,"
7. Dedication of Children.
8. Song—"Ever guide me."
9. Address.
10. Song—"Children Sing."
11. Collection.
12. Benediction.

MAINE.

—Children's Sunday was observed the 22nd by the Society in Old town. The Sermon in the afternoon by Br. Daythe, pastor, was addressed specially to children, was full of practical suggestions and was listened to with marked attention. The singing was by the Sabbath School and was highly appreciated by the large congregation. A concert in the evening consisted of singing and recitations by the children, and without an exception were well rendered and reflected great credit on the school. In the afternoon the house was full ; but in the evening it was crowded. Indeed all could not get in who came. Many remarked that they could not conceive of the church being more beautifully decorated. "My ! My !" said one Indian who came in, "you make a very heben here." Much credit is due to the ladies of the society, for the skill and taste manifested in the arrangement of the flowers and evergreens.

NEW YORK.

— A Mission School at Brevoort Hall N Y. city, held special exercises for children's Sunday, with the dedication of children. One very interesting feature of the occasion was the distribution of pots of flowers instead of boquets to the scholars, each scholar being allowed to take home a pot of some favorite flower to take care of and preserve as a living memento of the school all love so well. Who can tell in how many of those little hearts the first taste for the cultivation of flowers may not date from this little incident? The idea was a beautiful one, and was not only conceived but carried out at their own expense by the Misses Mary and Josie West, two of the most earnest and faithful of that noble band of young lady teachers with which our Mission School is blessed. Such workers as these are not looking for their reward when they get to heaven. They are satisfied with what they get here.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XVII.—JOHN.

Question. — When the Samaritans refused to sell or give food to Jesus and his disciples because they were Jews, what request did James and John make of the Saviour?

Answer. — Luke ix. 54.

Q. — What did St. John do when Samaritans embraced christianity?

A. — Acts viii. 14, 15.

Q. — What great sorrow was John called to endure?

A. — Acts xii. 1, 2.

NOTE. We find that the apostles were beginning to comprehend the universality of their Master's mission when they received Samaritans as brethren in Christ. Converts were soon made from the Gentile world, and the question was raised, of course, whether they should receive christian fellowship.

Q. — In what did John participate in regard to Gentile converts?

A. —Acts xv. 6.

There are many traditions and conjectures respecting the life of John, from this meeting of the first christian council. Tha the was a faithful and laborious follower of his Lord, his Epistles and the incidental allusion to himself in them, abundantly prove. He carried his churches upon his heart and watched them with wise and tender solicitude. Near the close of a long life he was banished to the desolate island of Patmos, the place to which political prisoners were transported; and he seems to have ended his long and eventful life in a natural and peaceful manner.

Bible Questions.

Who beheld, in a vision, the valley of dry bones?

What prophet put bonds and yokes on his neck!

Which of the prophets was called from the plow?

What prophet tore the rope of a mighty man into twelve pieces.

What miracle was performed when the dead body of a man touched the bones of the prophets?

What prophet called for music before he delivered his prophecy?

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 33, 6, 19, is an insect.
My 14, 32, 21, 57, is a space of time.
My 3, 46, 7, 15, is a Jewish coin.
My 45, 44, 40, 10 is a drink.
My 7, 5, 26 44, 1 is a garment.
My 4, 9, 39 56, 11, 36, 38 is a precious stone.
My 52, 58, 19, 17, 57, 29 is a Book of the Bible.
My 43, 41, 26, 50, 30, 12, was a Hebrew Prophet.
My 23, 56, 49, 37, 42, is a musical instrumen.
My 34, 55, 47, 59, 5, 29, 24, is a bird of prey.
My 2, 22, 18, 37, 44, 25, 31 was a prophet.
My 54, 48, 44, 51, 30, 16 is a mountain.
My 28, 6, 49, 15, 13 is a messenger.
My 20, 35, 22, 53, 8, 58, is a miner of Africa.
My whole is a verse in Matthew.

Enigma. No. 2.

The queen of Sheba,
In royal splendor,
Travelled afar my first to see;
Joseph, a prophet,
Foretold to my second,
A famine in Egypt to be.

My third, fair maiden,
By faithful gleaning,
Supported herself and her mother;
My fourth was a wild man,
Who liveth in the desert,
Whose hand was against every other.

My fifth lived in Jazreel,
And owned a fine vineyard,
Greatly desired by Ahab, the king;
With lamps and pitchers
My sixth went to battle—
Welcome, thrice welcome, O, beautiful spring.

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